

## **THE LOST CHILDREN OF BABYLON – RIGHT KNOWLEDGE LYRICS**

mystic travel travel across the abode  
i've been placed in many sectors a portions of soul  
in a globe where the stratus field is cluttered in gold  
thus, ask for the l-st destruct with an erupt your  
polluted metaphor frays the spare waves  
never open the same time, chasing the shrine  
warship giving the praise the prophet never ending battle  
bars are stricken with the l-sso, the long t-ssel  
feds warn 360 and born accomplice the inner conscious  
teleport cast on the war path the force of -rg-st upon the window  
purify the king of past sippin' on mentals  
the long stiff with the strong grip that make your palms rip  
absorb the